

The World.

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FEATS OF GLUTTONY.

The best-eaters' tournament in the Atlantic Garden Wednesday night was remarkable for the defeat of Patrick Divver, the champion, and for the exhibition of "beefsteak" capacity by Charlie Abrams, the victor. Though the smallest man present he carried off the palm by eating seven pounds of porterhouse. Either it was an off night for Divver, who has a record of fourteen pounds, or else that prize gastronomic of previous years has passed his prime. It was Gollath, weight 229, outgorged by a David weighing 98.

Small men ordinarily eat more day in and day out than large men, but nature does not ordinarily equip them with stomachic roominess to accomplish the feat with which Abrams distinguished himself. His victory is therefore surprising even with Divver out of condition. But Divver must still be accounted first and greatest of the Big Four of Beefsteak Devourers, of whom the other members are ex-Mayor Van Wyck, ex-Register Fromme and Henry Campbell, the former with a record of ten and a half pounds and Campbell with nine to his credit. Divver made his reputation on March 30, 1897, when he consumed ten and three-quarter pounds of porterhouse. On Dec. 12, 1898, he got away with ten and a half pounds. His record performance was on Jan. 28, 1901, when he ate fourteen pounds eight and a half ounces. He attempted to excel this on Feb. 11, 1901, but gave up at fourteen pounds.

We have achieved a national pre-eminence as fast and voracious eaters and some of the records made are worth presentation here, as follows:

Oysters.—William McConnell, Assistant Chief of the Fire Department of Kansas City, Kan., 124 at a sitting, Jan. 5, 1896. P. L. Mackey, 100 in 6 minutes, Jan. 8, 1898. W. B. Hissman, 143 in 15 minutes, March 6, 1898. In 1896 D. Costigan won \$250 from Jere Dunn by eating 1,000 in one week.

Cakes.—Joseph Moore at Suffern, N. J., 100 in 27 minutes, Feb. 12, 1894. Adolph Kitchen at Canarsie, 210 in 1 hour, Aug. 13, 1894.

Me.—Sam Jackson at Passaic, Feb. 7, 1893, 14 mince within 15 minutes. Leo Well, March 22, 1896, 2 apple within 4 minutes.

Wheat Cakes.—Styles McKee \$9 at one sitting, Feb. 21, 1898. At Goshen, Ind., Morris Flynn 97 in an evening, defeating 11 contestants.

Apples.—Charles E. Haning, Westwood, N. J., a barrel within a week during December, 1896.

Apples.—Z. Fink 50 in 7 minutes, July 3, 1895.

Eggs.—Franz Friederich, at Williamsburg, 50 in 1 hour.

PARROTS IN EMERGENCIES.

At the Sixty-fifth street flat-house fire Wednesday Fireman Murphy, hearing cries of "Let me go, — it," forced his way through the smoke into the parlor and discovered a parrot which he rescued. The bird's oath and nervousness were excusable in the excitement of the moment.

Parrots are hardly as much inclined as human beings to lose their heads in time of peril. In the discovery of fire and the detection of thieves they have achieved remarkable records. At Syracuse last Friday Mrs. E. C. Pratt heard her parrot calling "Get up, mamma; a burglar is trying to get in," and found that some one had been endeavoring to force her window. A burglary in the flat-house at No. 28 East Ninety-ninth street was frustrated by a parrot crying out "Stop thief! Hurry up!" A passing cyclist heard the cry and caught the intruder. Dr. Morrow's parrot in St. Louis brought about the capture of a sneak thief by crying out "Stop thief!" as his abductor was carrying him by an officer. Polly's achievements in alarming households to the danger of fire are numberless. By her warning lives were saved at Mrs. Desmond's boarding-house in Paterson, at H. A. Bourne's home in Plainfield, at the house No. 40 Mulberry street, Newark, and at the home of Dominico Bonamale in Houston street. In all these cases the parrots gave proof of rare cool-headedness in time of danger.

It would be interesting to get some valid information about the extent of the parrot's vocabulary. Their accomplishments as linguists, recognized as they are, have not been fully appreciated. Many persons in rural regions remote from city influences get through life on a vocabulary of fewer than 400 words. The average parrot which has been carefully trained appears to have a stock of from 50 to 100 words, but there have been parrots reputed to possess 300 or more. Dick, the parrot, that made Bucyrus, O., famous, might be put in this class.

Parrots have spoken nearly all languages. Otesia knew of one that understood a Hindoo dialect and Carolina's mistress's bird spoke Latin. Humboldt saw one in South America that was the sole living being acquainted with an Indian dialect the human speakers of which were extinct. Parrots mostly speak Spanish and Portuguese, and the fact that sailors have trained many of them explains their aptitude for profanity. Their vocal development has been almost wholly the result of man's instruction. In this connection it is to be remembered that dogs did not bark until they became acquainted with man and sought to express their desires to him.

OBSTACLES AND ACCIDENTS.

Dr. Adolf Lorenz, speaking before the Philadelphia Medical Club, said:

Forty-four years ago I was a little and very poor boy. One day, wandering along the street, I found a single glove. I put it on. It was much too large and contrasted harshly with my feet, which were bare. Proud and happy I walked to my home and showed my treasure to my mother.

"My dear boy," she said, "you will have to work very hard to find the other glove."

In the many hardships of later life I often remembered the significance of those words. But at the age of thirty, after many struggles, I had overcome all obstacles as a student, and arose to be first assistant to the late Prof. Albert. I taught general surgery, and the dream of my life was to become a famous surgeon.

But the dream never came true. I contracted a peculiar form of eczema. I could not follow my chosen work. I thought that the other glove was gone forever, and I could no longer resist the temptation to blow out my brains. In complaining of my lot to Prof. Albert, he said to me:

"If you can't get along with wet surgery try dry surgery."

So it was not by love but by necessity that I became a dry surgeon. But necessity is the mother of invention, and after twenty years of hard work I found at last the other glove.

The truly great man, as we all know, thrives on obstacles that would down the ordinary mortal and grows greater by overcoming them. Did not Innes, after losing the use of his right hand, learn to paint all his pictures with his left? Did not Scott write the Waverley novels under physical disabilities that would have crushed most of us? The blind Prescott, the deaf Beecher, history is full of examples. It is full likewise of instances of fate. When Clive, despondent and despairing, put the revolver to his forehead and pulled the trigger, suppose it had gone off, would England

JOKES OF THE DAY!

He—Here's a fine conundrum I heard to-day: Why am I like a donkey? She (wearily)—Oh, I'm ready to admit the fact without bothering over the reason.

"I wonder if there's really a 'Fool-Killer'?" "I don't know. Why not be on the safe side by getting insured?"

"I've just drawn a rough sketch of a battle scene." "A drawn battle, I suppose?"

Guest—How does it happen that you charge more for boiled eggs than you do for scrambled eggs? Dignified Waiter—Do eggs we bile cost more than eggs we scramble, huh—Chicago Tribune.

"I hear Blabber can't get a lawyer to take up his case." "Yes, the man's so garrulous he can't keep his own counsel."

"Marry in haste, repent at leisure." Is a phrase folks were inventing before they found that South Dakota Was the best place for repenting.

"Who gathers all the wild oats that are sown?" "The roof-gardener, I guess."

Mrs. Korseley—I don't see your lady friend with you any more.

Miss Cullen—Oh, but you may have noticed my lady friend's gentleman friend with me, so she's my lady enemy now.—Philadelphia Press.

There was a young spendthrift from

Chant Who never could save up a cent. When his landlord said "Pay!" He answered, "Nay, nay! It's cheaper to move than pay rent."

"The Indians will often drink kerosene."

"I never guessed they were such light drinkers."

"Judging by her portrait you'd conclude she was a person of advanced literary attainments, wouldn't you?" "Yes; but I happen to know that she isn't as well read as she is painted."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

SOMEBODIES.

ALEXANDER, A. J.—the famous Kentucky horse breeder, who has just died, had the finest and most extraordinary collection of curios and china in the South.

ENANDER, DR. J. A.—of Chicago, the oldest editor of a Swedish newspaper in America, has just received the Royal Order of Vasa from King Oscar of Sweden.

GARLAND, HAMLEN—the Western writer, is going to spend the winter in this city; perhaps with the idea of writing on "Coal Famine I Have Met."

HOBBS, BENJAMIN—of Springfield, Mass., is the oldest active armorer in America. He has been in Government employ for over fifty years.

MCCOY, MRS. MARGARET—the woman universally known as "The Mother of Methodism in the West," has just died in Omaha. She was the daughter of a woman who fled from France during the Reign of Terror.

SUMNER, DR.—of Sandusky, O., who is to be Tolstoy's biographer, has worked as a day laborer among immigrants to learn their life and needs.

WOOD ENGRAVING.

Much controversy was at one time excited about the country that could claim to have originated wood engraving. A very simple process was known to the Egyptians for the production of stamps, and it has been asserted that the Chinese printed from blocks of pear wood as early as the tenth century, says the Scientific American. The independent origin of the art has been generally credited to Germany among modern nations. In the Cologne district a St. Christopher, which has been reproduced, was cut in 1423, a St. Sebastian in 1437 and a Madonna has been dated 1448. Playing cards were, however, in use in France to dispute the priority of Germany, and many attempts have been made to claim the art as due to French enterprise. M. Henri Bouchot, of the Bibliotheque-Nationale, now declares that a part of a block with a representation of a crucifixion has been discovered in a country town of France. The engravings are evidently those worn in the middle of the fifteenth century, and it is assumed that the wood block belongs to some time between 1340 and 1350.

INTERCHANGE.

The oriole sang in the apple tree;

The sick girl lay on her bed, and heard

The tremulous note of the glad wild bird;

And "Ah!" she sighed, "to share with thee

Life's rapture exquisite and strong;

Its hope, its eager energy,

Its fragrance and its song.

The oriole swayed in the apple tree,

And he sang, "I will build, with my love, a nest,

Fine as e'er welcomed a birdling guest;

Like a pendant blossom, secure yet free,

It shall hang from the bough above me there.

Bright, bright with the gold that is combed for me

From the sick girl's auburn hair!"

"O bower of bliss mystery!"

The wide and wistful eyes grew dim,

And the soul of the sick girl followed him—

"Dear bird, I have had part, through thee,

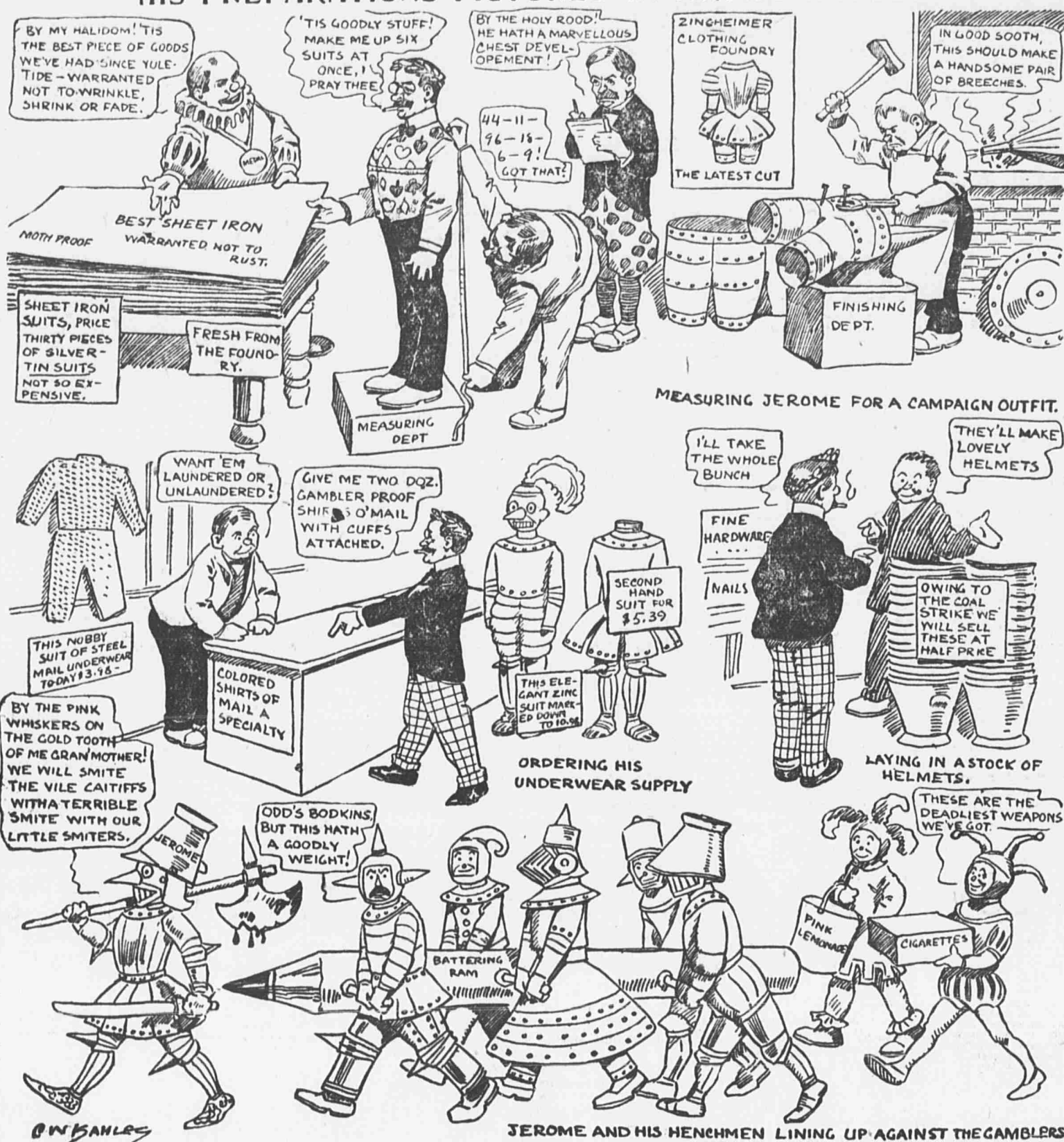
In the life for which I long and pine.

Have shared its hope, its energy, its rapture and its song!"

F. E. Coates, in Harper's Magazine.

JEROME PLANS A NEW THREE-YEAR CRUSADE.

HIS PREPARATIONS PICTURED BY ARTIST KAHLES.

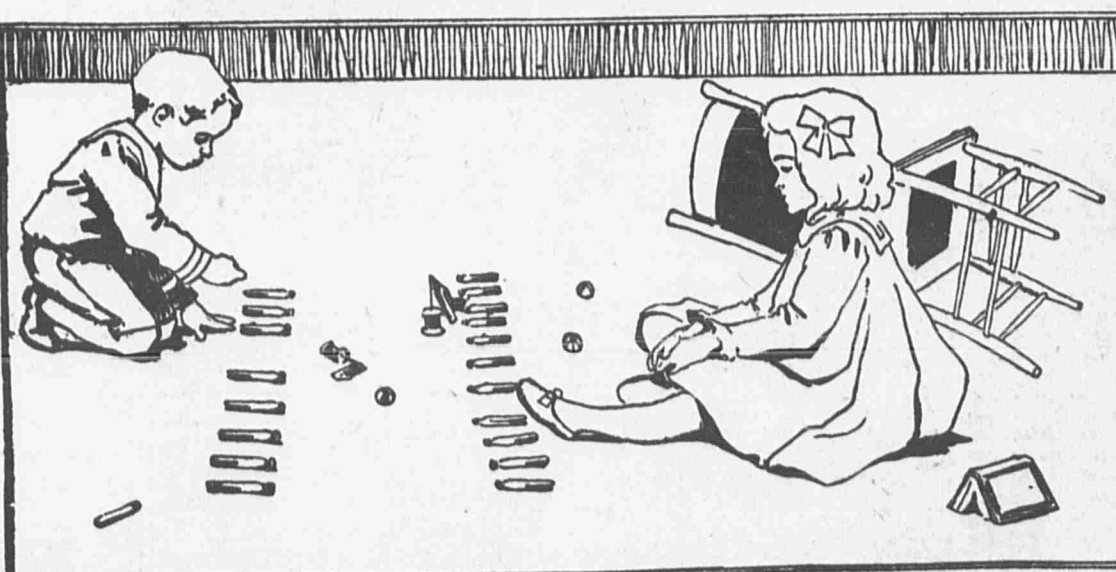


The dooughty knight Sir William Travers Jerome hath decreed a three-year crusade against the gamblers. E'en now, trusty henchmen are arming him with a well laundered shirt of mail, a Weeks and Battle-axe and a hand-me-down suit of custom-made armor. Jacobs, Baron of Spyn' Cops, may be heard on any fine day exhorting him thus: "By me haldome, fal r sir, let us cleave the catiffs to the chine."



HOME FUN FOR WINTER EVENINGS.

PARLOR GAME FOR BROTHER AND SISTER.



Ted and Cleo have a new play. They call it the soldier game. Here comes Ted with a box of clothespins and Cleo with a bag of marbles. The clothespins are to be the soldiers and the marbles are cannon balls. Sitting on the floor, the children range over to that half-open book—his hospital tent. When Ted has only six soldiers left on the field, this wounded soldier will be able to hold a gun again and will return to the line.

Cleo's second marble hits a soldier on the head and moves him an inch. He is dead, and while Ted's army takes

him to his grave, Cleo triumphantly blows her horn. Cleo's next three marbles do no harm, but the sixth marble strikes Ted's captain with such force that he falls. There he must lie until Cleo's captain is knocked over. When one captain falls the other captain may rise again. Now it is Ted's turn to fire the cannon balls. He kills two of Cleo's soldiers and sends three to the hospital tent, but Cleo's heart is still cheered by the sight of her brave captain standing firm with his flag flying.

So the battle goes on, until at last all of Cleo's men are killed.

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To the Editor of The Evening World:

"The Man Higher Up" is an interesting feature of your still more interesting Home Page. His article on the six-day race at Madison Square Garden was very fine. THEOS ALWYN. Stapleton, S. I., Dec. 9.

THE MAN HIGHER UP.

ON THE NEW EXCISE MOVE.

"I SEE District-Attorney Jerome is going to Albany to try to have a bill passed allowing the saloons to keep open on Sunday," remarked the cigar store man.

"Yes," answered The Man Higher Up, "and they tell me that George Francis Train is going to try to get a bill passed allowing the tides to run under the Brooklyn Bridge; also that Chuck Connors is working on a bill to allow opium smoking in Chinatown on Sunday afternoons. I wouldn't drop dead if George Lederer would go up to Albany and try to get the Legislature to authorize restaurant orchestras to play 'Nancy Brown.'"

"But all those things are done," protested the cigar-store man.

"Sure, Mike," replied The Man Higher Up. "And all the saloons are open on Sunday. A man can start out with the ringing of the church bells and if he has a good capacity he can finish at twilight with a brannigan a steamboat couldn't carry. It is as easy to accumulate a stew on Sunday as it is to take a street-car ride. That's what makes a whole lot of people look in the dream books when they hear that Jerome wants the saloons to keep open on Sunday. Jerome is a hard man to get next to, but I'm willing to make a round book that I'm Johnny Wise."

"When the Reform Administration slid in there was a whole lot of conniving among the theoretical politicians, who got busy trying to run things. They knew that the saloons were open on Sunday and that the saloon-keepers were putting up to somebody for keeping open. They knew that it was just as much against the law to keep saloons open on Sunday as it is to break into a store or explore a man with a knife or try to commit suicide. Likewise they were stuffed with knowledge that a good many thousand fierce thirsts work just as hard on Sunday as on any other day, and that attached to each of these thirsts is a large juicy vote. The vote follows the thirst. Even a theoretical politician knows that."

"No crap-shooter ever wanted his pork chops more vehemently than politicians want votes, whether they are practical or theoretical. So the reformers frame up a deal by which they can satisfy the thirsts and out-general the hardshells who would like to see New York as dry on Sunday as a temperance orator in a town where everybody knows him."

"They figure that if they can make Sunday booze scattering a nice, quiet business the thirsts will think they're the real seaskin, with sable trimmings; the hardshells will think it's all right, all right, because the reformers are doing it, and the booze dispensers will fall all over themselves with gladness because they won't have to pay the right party for letting people into the back room."

"Well, say! A whole lot of the wet goods store men went out and threw their keys into the river. Some of them were sure enough under the influence of the reform hot air and thought they could violate the law for nothing. But the jolt came suddenly."

"The right party kept right on coming around. Before that the gin-mill keeper knew when he put up the 'cush' that he would be protected. It didn't take him very long to get wise that under the new playing rules he didn't get any more protection than a rabbit. If he didn't cough up he couldn't do business, and if he did cough up he was as likely to be pinched as if he had hit the right party with a bung-starter and threw him out the folding doors."

"And that's the layout and Jerome knows it. The cash registers are tapped weekly for small stacks for the right parties, more booze is handed out than ever before, and the only people that are satisfied are the owners of the thirsts."

"Do you think Jerome will get his bill passed?" asked the cigar-store man.

"Not until the up-State soaks get over putting away a souse on Saturday night that make them shy at a whisky advertisement the next morning," replied The Man Higher Up.

ORIGIN OF WORD COAL.

Curiously, the word coal was in use long before, as well as long after, the commencement of the coal trade, with the meaning quite different from that which it now has. The word originally belonged to wood fuel, and was applied in particular to wood which had been charred, or what is now called charcoal, says the Detroit Tribune.

When the trade in mineral coal began, this was usually distinguished by the singular name of sea coal. It would seem that, from having been gathered in early times on the seashore, more especially of Northumberland, along which seaweed and other wreckage was cast up by the waves, this peculiar substance was supposed to be of marine origin.

From this and analogy, given its resemblance to wood, coal in color and burning properties, it obtained the name of sea coal, by which it was so long and so widely known. Then, in the course of time, as the new fuel gained upon and superseded the old, the simple name of coal became universally transferred to it.

FORMER PERFUMES.

Our forefathers were great people for scents and perfumes. Fragrant herbs and spices, and the astonishing amount of seasoning they put with the simplest dishes prepares one for almost any combination, says Good Words. When to make a cherry tart they found it necessary to make a sprig of rose, lemon, ginger and "sawndew," and to add rosewater to the mon. Perhaps if we remind our readers that many chambers were provided with "draughts" which occasionally required cleaning, and that rumors took the place of perfume, they will realize one of the reasons for the use of perfume. "Sweet waters" were occasionally sprinkled under the rug in great houses, or for revells, or on the mattresses and bedding.

THE INCOMES OF CITIES.

There are in the United States 135 cities having a population of more than 30,000. The income from property tax in these cities aggregates \$200,000,000, while the income from franchises gives the comparatively minute total of \$2,350,000. Of these 135 towns only five have public gas works and twelve own electric light plants. The investment in public utilities is \$2,000,000 and in markets \$18,000,000. There is an investment of \$50,000,000 in buildings for police and prison purposes and an annual expenditure of \$5,700,000 for 25,000 police officers, who make nearly a million arrests.